

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

"For a world united in prayer"



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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Founded by Carl Allison Evans (1880-1956)

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As Fellowship in Prayer prepares to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary—in June of 1975—we are reprinting some of the writings of the Fellowship's founder. . . .

FAITH, HOPE AND COURAGE

Carl Allison Evans

THE UNFOLDING time of spring brings new faith, hope and courage to mankind. It is the time of transformation.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

We need FAITH.

Heavenly Father, we need a great Faith to overcome the tide of darkness. Faith in the final triumph of justice, Faith in the right and faculty of men to be nobly free, Faith that cruel force is not final. Grant us sufficient Faith for all our needs, and help us to be worthy of Thy wisdom and power.

Hope is the pillar that holds up the world.

Hope is the dream of a waking man.

We need HOPE.

O Thou, in Whom the brave and humble have always trusted, so establish us in Hope that we shall neither fear nor despair. Show us Thy Light and cause us to live in it that we may pass through any valley of the shadow, confident that there are happy issues out of all our afflictions, since our hope is in Thee.

Courage is generosity of the highest order, for the brave are prodigal of the most precious things.

We need COURAGE.

Give us Courage, Dear Father, to put into practice the values we know to be logical, true, and right. May truth be more evident because we determine not to cover it up or ignore it. And may our man-made ideas speedily give way to God's ideas of managing the world and the people whom He created.

EDITORIAL

MORE BELATED PERCEPTIONS ABOUT THE SPIRIT

SEVERAL times before this I have lamented the lack of vocabulary which is both adequate to our spiritual experience and accessible to everyone of us—not just to “religious-minded” folk or “big” readers or writers of difficult verse.

Recently, as part of my own meditations, I have been reading the writings of a pair of Quakers of a couple of centuries ago, George Fox and John Woolman, and I have had my eyes opened to the obvious fact that it was the simple vividness and reality of their spiritual adventures which forced each to express himself so well. It was a matter of neither the times, the talent nor the available vocabulary. It was only—how can I have been so unaware?—the force and life of the spirit which created the necessary and striking words.

My complaints about our lack of mutually-understood words has been based, I perceive, on my lifelong anxiety to open up and maintain communication with others. This anxiety has been one more example of my evidently congenital dimwittedness, for only slowly has the truth started to dawn in my mind that communication has to be a two-way thing—none of us (no matter how we may feel) is a wireless left to beep-beep its message to the continent of Antarctica and other unpopulated places. Communication is not up to me. It is not up to you. It is and always has been a natural collaboration between you and me and everyone else, including God.

What I have not seen until now has been another obvious fact, namely that others have been trying to establish this collaboration with me all the while I was bewailing my separateness and supposed isolation. (This has been one of the surprises and bonuses of writing these editorials—the desire of others to help, to steer, to recommend, to bolster, to befriend.) Through them God has been attempting to speak to me all the while. . . .

That I am now belatedly able to hear these messages and see this fact—and that I am able to respond—has been, I know,

the result of my having been able with God's aid to surrender my original extremely deep-set belief that I and my ego were the center of the universe.

From this fortunate surrender of "self" has grown a network of communication—which to me means not only words and intellectual comprehension but gestures and affection and love—that now sustains me. I have observed about myself as well as about others that humans are sustained by God to the extent that they can obliterate their egos and other props of the phony self. They are sustained to the extent that they try to sustain others. To the extent that they devote themselves to others. By "devote" I do not mean any sentimental attachment, highmindedness, or dependence of any sort. I guess I mean scrupulosity of intelligence, diligence of caring, and the rare ability to act upon both at once. I am conscious that I myself (a phrase of which I am thoroughly weary now) find the most meaning, beauty, happiness, joy, call it what you will, when I am farthest away from consciousness of that "self."

I am learning indeed that this "self" which I call "mine" is only a figment of my ambition, my imagination, my inordinately deep-felt terror of not being much, my inordinately biased self-centeredness.

What is this self, really? A skin of pretenses, daydreams, lies, and hopes. To others, unable to see through that skin, it must look like something definite. Like, I fancy, somebody. To me, inside the skin, confined within all those warts and blemishes and fancy tattoos of vanity, it is nothing definite at all—a movie that changes every minute, in short, reality. . . .

Like the insides of everybody else, mine is of God. It is God living out His creation.

As soon as I perceive this, I see the necessity of throwing away this atrocious and/or pathetic self of mine. That concoction is not "me." It's no more than some gaudy probably even kooky piece of haberdashery I've decided I like because it makes me look (I believe) like, say, some kind of spiritual John Wayne....

Get rid of all such folderol and nonsense, I am beginning to understand, and I do not have to fret over communication or

the available vocabulary. Surrendering myself totally, I *am* part of the reality which is God. As such, I require neither understanding nor interpretation. I am fulfilling that which an infinitely greater power has created me to be, a fact which neither I nor my self has to do anything about but to accept. —P.G.

HOW COULD YOU DOUBT?

Martha Fowler Reichle

God is not dead, O wondering one;
 He exists as certainly
 As you and I and birds that fly,
 And fishes in the sea;
 O yes, my doubting Thomas,
 To all things He giveth life;
 He moves and has His being
 In each man and child and wife;
 Without His holy spirit
 All life would cease to be,
 Now lend an ear to what I say
 For once He spoke to me!

God is not dead, O my friend, He lives
 And abounds so mightily,
 For each new day He sends on its way
 Is a gift to you and me;
 How could you doubt that He truly lives
 If you've heard a newborn cry,
 Or gazed upon a perfect rose,
 Or looked at the starry sky;
 Have you observed the mighty oak
 That grows from a tiny seed?
 Believe! Believe! O doubt not!
 He spoke to me indeed!

PRAYER —

Of Yearning and Relinquishment

PRAYER, like everything that Jesus taught, is not a thought process, but a "birth" process. It is neither thought nor feeling, but a perfect blending of the two. It is neither desiring, alone, nor an absence of desire, alone—but a perfect blending of the two. "I yearn" is the father of true prayer. "I relinquish" is the mother of true prayer. The offspring of these two is the meek—that state of consciousness that shall inherit the earth.

But while meekness is the state of consciousness necessary for inheriting earthly things, a still higher state of consciousness is necessary for inheriting heavenly things. The power to inherit heavenly things requires a perfect balance between desiring and the willingness to forego this possession. This higher type of yearning and relinquishment brings to birth a purity and clarity in our state of consciousness that enables us to see *God*, Himself. It is not the prayer that produces the miracle, but the condition in consciousness that prayer creates.

How can we induce this condition in consciousness?....

The "ask" method is perfectly safe to use, replies Jesus, if one makes sure that it always contains the two elements mentioned above. The "father" element in this case is *desire* and the "mother" element is relinquishment. Desire alone will not do. Relinquishment alone will not do it. To balance these two elements perfectly is like walking a tightrope. When one desires a thing with all his heart and soul, the one thing he finds most impossible to do is to relinquish that desire. When one is cleansed of all apprehension and fear, of all doubting and cynicism, of all bitterness, jealousy and selfishness, then he can bring the desire and relinquishment together. That is an arduous task....

There is one effective way, however, of bringing desire and relinquishment together, and that is by converting these two words into the one word "give." Converting an "ask" into a "give" has the same effect as pouring impure water through a filter and letting it come through purified and clear. Instead of saying, "Lord, make my boy well," say, "Lord, I give my boy into your healing

Love and trust him completely to your loving care." Note the transformation in your own inner self that the mere change in wording your prayer brings you. It turns a command into a commitment. The "give" method combines love for your boy with trust in the Father. Let us give our loved ones to Him. Let us take the world into our hearts and give it utterly and completely to Him—to cleanse, heal and redeem.

(From *THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE* by Glenn Clark, published by Harpers. Contributed by Emily Sargent Councilman.)

TRUTH SPEAKS WITHOUT NOISE OF WORDS

Josephine H. Voracek

I ask from Life, nothing more than this.
 A fragrant bloom, cooing doves, vaulted sky,
 The sense of Spring in the countryside.
 These things, the Master's presence, signify.
 The rhythmical breathing of the wind.
 A hill-top view when all is still to glorify
 The song of birds from boughs of stately trees.
 These things, the Master's presence, testify.
 A sunrise portrayed on crystal-dew.
 Silence of night when moon and stars beautify
 The mountain's peak on which the heavens rest.
 These things, the Master's presence, fortify.
 The roar of thunder and lightning's fiery flash!
 The feel of rain upon my face when heavens cry
 And winds lash; and then, the deadly still.
 These things, the Master's presence, ratify.

WELL PLAYED

Florence Beck Unangst

Caught in a cage of bones and skin,
 We may forget the Divinity within.
 With a few moments every day,
 One can recall the freedom way;
 Lessons must be learned,
 Penalties be paid,
 But there is a chance for us all
 If life's game is well played.

PEOPLE TODAY

Florence Beck Unangst

People, reading the Bible today, are apt to feel, "This was for them. Times have changed."

Have they really? Take the Ten Commandments....

I know, and you do too, people who read, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me," shrug and say, "But I do not. Do you see any idols here?"

No! But one can see people who make a god of their work, their prestige, or their money. Are not these false gods?

Faith comes in gradual stages, it is true, for we are all individual expressions of God. But let us not claim status of illuminati while we still care more about the material than understanding our fellow man.

POEM by *Lillian Hammer*

A poem is a rainbow of words
 Set in a tower of thoughts. . .
 The stars woven in a tapestry of art,
 The nectar of roses in spring. . .
 And the soul of the poet
 Riding on the wind.

THE NEW FAITH (after Heine)

Kelly Janes

Upon this rock our church will go,
 A church of the third, the newest
 Of all the Bible testaments;
 There shall be no more woe.

Dualism is no more,
 So long our greatest folly;
 No more shall Spirit torture flesh;
 Hence, loathed Melancholy!

Do you hear God only in the dark?
 He speaks in a thousand voices;
 Can you not see above our heads
 How all bright Heaven rejoices?

God's holiness is in the light
 As well as in dark abysses,
 Appears in all things everywhere,
 Especially in our kisses.

SPECTRUM OF BAPTISM

Chronicle of Reality No. 92 by George Edwin Burnell

AS in any book or story, whatever you come in contact with, you come in contact with nothing but the author. And therefore it was that He alone was able to open this Book of Life and show wherein it taught of Him, and enabled man to discover this Book in which he lived, that he might obtain the life which that Book had prophesied and fulfilled, in the fact that he, as a character in the Book, surrenders to Himself as the Author of the Book. Because every character in the Book has no existence except as the Self of the Author delivers to it His own existence.

And the only reason why it is apparently a dirge or a misere-re, is because the personal, separate, fractional self will not drink the blood and eat the flesh of Jesus; because he says, I want it for myself, separately. Well, he is given it himself, separately; because in the banquet of the food which comes through these waters which have received the action of the Spirit, there is contained, in every mouthful, the flesh and blood of that one Being who alone is the substance, and the form as well, of all existence. Because when the Lord made this world, He did not dip His hand into some pre-existent substance, and form it into this shape. He provided not only the form, but the substance of it. Not only in its subjective condition, but in its objective condition did He supply this substance.

But the salvation of God is simple and genuine and powerful, and it is full and complete, and not partial. It is not merely the salvation of the mind alone, but it is a salvation of the body, and of the flesh of the body; and not some hyperstatic condition of the body, but the body as it is found in this world, made of slime and mist!

Contributed by Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain

Love where you are, love whom you are with, love what you are doing. —Cornelia Bagarotti

HOLY SPRING

Marion J. Richardson

Under new made clouds
and brightest sun,
man weeps at sight
of his spring apparel,
and the cuckoo from his perch
praises the new green earth —
the birth of new life.
The tuneful turning
of morning songs
touches windswept grasses,
radiant shrubbery
and quivering buds.
Church bells ring joyfully
in the winds of holy spring
and everything is wrapped
in a multitude
of spiritual faith,
now so visually
reborn to soothe
the pains and wounds
of mortal man.

SPIRIT OF EASTER

Nina Willis Walter

May the Spirit of Easter,
Like a lily unfolding in the sun,
Bring joy to your heart
And peace to your household.

Mildred Long

THE song-writer wrote: "There's a garden where Jesus is waiting,/ . . . It's the beautiful garden of prayer."

Come with me into this garden of prayer. Let us make it a real garden—an old-fashioned garden where all the flowers are blooming together in one big plot.

A garden is quiet, and we need quietness to pray. It is peaceful, and the heart must be at peace. It is beautiful, and beauty is of God, so God is there. With God there, it is the beauty of holiness: all requisites of prayer.

Let us drink in the beauty. Here are roses, red, pink, yellow, white. What is more beautiful than a rose? And poppies dance in the sunlight—all colors. Modest daisies lift their faces expectantly to drink in the day. Violets meekly hide under big leaves, but all people love a violet and will seek it out. Pansies make a perfect border with their gay and expressive faces.

Here in God's garden there is no complaining. We don't hear the daisy whine because it lacks the poppy's color. Nor does the violet regret its modest place. The pansy does not try to grow tall like the rose. And the rose looks at all other flowers with admiration. No envy, no jealousy, no contending for "position," no irritation caused by criticism. Here is peace, beauty, holiness.

Then we remember God says to us: "Live at peace with all men." If you come to prayer and remember someone has something against you.....go your way, "first be reconciled to your neighbor and then come and offer your gift" to God.

As we contemplate this garden, we have another thought: there is no anxiety here. Not a single flower is concerned about tomorrow or the weather. If the sun shines, they all lift their faces. If the wind blows, they bow their heads and bend with the breeze or tempest. If the rain comes, they make no resistance, just drink it in and feel refreshed.

Again we hear the words of Scripture: "Consider the lilies, how they grow; They toil not neither do they spin. Yet I say unto

you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.... Be not anxious, what you shall eat or what you shall wear. Your heavenly Father knows you have need of all these things.... But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you.”

The flowers are always in tune with the world. They never question God’s plan. Being in tune, they are in a state of harmony and communion with God all the time. Are we? Being able to trust God for all things, they are in a state of complete submission to His will. Are we? The Psalmist said: “Fret not thyself about anything....Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and watch Him work.”

Trust: reliance upon, faith in, confidence in, submission to. Are these our attitudes when we come to prayer?

Flowers reflect the glory of God. We take the flowers from our garden to the sick and shut-ins to give them cheer, hope, a reminder of God’s love, just because of their beauty if for no other reason. And God’s word admonishes us to reflect His glory. Paul says if we continually look upon the face of Jesus we shall be changed from glory to glory. What is prayer but looking into the face of Christ that our souls may keep the reflection and grow beautiful? This is to pray without ceasing.

Once I wrote:

*This moment God has given to me
Has in it the seed of Eternity....
The moments past are gone from my power,
But this one shall be as the budding flower
Revealing more of the lovely and true
Till the walls of my soul are a rainbow hue.*

The flowers are subject to God and His laws. They cannot think for themselves so they remain in harmony. But God has given us minds—like unto His own—that can create: create that which is harmful as well as that which is good. Here is our problem: what we do with our thinking. Scripture tells us what to do with our minds: “Whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure,

lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue, or praise, think on these things...." "Bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."

Flowers cannot create goodwill, but being in tune with God, they express His peace and beauty. If we keep in tune with Him, we shall be creators of goodwill, right thinking, love to all men, forgiveness for all wrongs. We shall reflect His face to the world and help heal its wounds. Let us "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness" along with the flowers.

IMMORTAL FRUITAGE

Donalda von Poellnitz

When April comes, my wondering eyes behold
 God's miracles unfolding naturally:
 Emerging into light, green leaves unfold
 Before my gaze, although I do not see
 The action taking place, for mortal sight
 Sets limits on its own restrictive view,
 And cannot grasp the glories of His might
 Who every moment recreates anew.
 Immortal leaves upon "the tree of life"
 Unfurl to love-awakened April-thought
 In true ideas, harmonizing strife,
 And yield abundant fruits, divinely-wrought
 In April of eternal springtime when
 Renewed of Spirit, one is born again.

BIRD

Joy Bergman

It sings in my heart
a white bird
an Egret.

Its wings, Flash
across my soul.

WE LIVE HAPPILY INDEED

Shao Chang Lee

THUS have I heard:

We live happily indeed, being ever thankful to the Giver of all
good gifts.

We live happily indeed, after a hard struggle with doubt, gaining
a firmer faith.

We live happily indeed, believing the unbelievable and loving the
unlovable.

We live happily indeed, forsaking prejudice, overcoming anger, and
ever forgiving.

We live happily indeed, never losing our sense of humor, extracting
all possible fun out of life.

We live happily indeed, doing to others what we would wish others
to do to us, and not doing to others what we would not wish
others to do to us.

We live happily indeed, never hating those who hate us, and re-
turning hatred with compassion.

We live happily indeed, when children and teenagers come to give us a wonderful time and to have fireside chats with us.

We live happily indeed, ever seeking to understand the mystery of life, ever appreciating the wonders and beauties of nature as well as of the heart and mind.

We live happily indeed, daily looking to the Giver of all good gifts for strength, wisdom, and courage to be.

We live happily indeed, always entertaining kindly feelings toward others, regarding their gain as our own gain and their loss as our own loss.

We live happily indeed, helping others to get established and to turn their merits to account.

We live happily indeed, fulfilling our obligations promptly, exercising our rights properly, and expressing our gratitude or grievance graciously.

We live happily indeed, having inward strength to face difficulties, hardships, and misfortunes.

MERCY TO THE MERCIFUL

Gordon Shoemaker

The life I save may be my own:
 To grant mercy to one small creature
 May, in the summation, lift the foot
 That in granting life to this daddy long legs
 May spare the fate of death that now hovers,
 Now descends, upon the luckless ones
 Who may have too long brutally murdered,
 Without ceasing, the myriads of
 Tiny insects that we keep in our power.

PRAYER IS

Muriel-Rose Grayer

Prayer is not petition,
 addressing mind-formed words
 to Something limited by name and definition;
 for THAT, ever-incomprehensible
 to finite minds,
 is ALL and Limitless.

Prayer is living,
 to the utmost finite conscience known
 to him who prays his life;
 it is loving all as best we may,
 blessing the total Life
 in Now (for time is not).

Prayer is service,
 and the will-to-good,
 and reasoned tolerance
 to our enduring's limit.
 Love, bless, serve:
 for prayer and life are one.

SURPRISE

Nora Newman

I asked the Lord for a surprise one day
 And this I seemed to hear Him say:
 Here is a surprise, my precious one,
 This experience you will find to be fun.
 Try counting your blessings, large and small,
 Joy overflows if you include them all!

THE WHISTLE

A Story by Eleanor Ebersole

A LITTLE BOY went to the wood one day and found hollow wood for a whistle. After it was carved, he learned a very important thing. There are limits to a whistle and to a song that can be played.

The limits seemed something he could not break, but he tried anyway. He whittled a little more from one end or another, and opened the sound slice a bit. He raised and lowered his voice until he was close to losing it. The little whistle suffered a good deal from the struggle but still seemed a nice thing to hold. When the boy returned from his walk in the wood, he just carried the whistle along. Sometime later he would blow on it a bit, but now, mostly, he wondered.

The wonder of whistles, of wood and of wind, seemed endless, but no other way was found to change the limits of whistles and sound.

With that decided, the little boy carried his whistle about and blew little tunes that satisfied. None was as great or as loud as he wished, or even, maybe, as quiet; but the whistle did what a whistle could: it shared its life with the boy.

LOOK FORWARD!

Lester Rutsky

Of things passé, one oft reflects, in nostalgic resumé
 But past has gone, and now has come, and future on its way.
 So like or not, in forward path, we mortals dare to strive
 To venture forth, assigned in birth, to survival's uphill drive.
 But if at times we falter, discouraged, beset upon
 A dream of new horizons will help us carry on
 For yonder line, where sky meets sea — it's not a line at all
 But outstretched arms in welcome, when e'er it's time to call.

*Surprisingly realistic scenes in three dimensions
tell the story of Christ's life in . . .*

THE PRINCE OF PEACE MUSEUM IN HISTORIC GETTYSBURG

Reuben L. Musey

THE dramatic story of the life of Jesus Christ is vividly told in a series of three-dimensional scenes and paintings on velvet at the Prince of Peace Museum in Gettysburg, a small community in Adams County, Pennsylvania, heartland of American history, and scene of the three day battle which was the turning-point of the Civil War.

The life-like figures of the colorful people of nearly two thousand years ago are the work of sculptor-artist Paul Cunningham. At the age of fourteen, imbued with the desire to draw and paint, he left his mid-western hometown, his saddle-bags holding his worldly possessions, and started out, a happy wanderer. The young lad roamed the rolling plains of Wyoming, working as a ranch hand, and learning such crafts as stacking hay, contour plowing, and barbed-wire fence-building. His interest in drawing and painting grew stronger. At many of the ranches where he worked he painted horses on the barns. People nicknamed him "the barnyard Rembrandt."

Having religious convictions from boyhood, he was encouraged by a Sunday school teacher to make chalk drawings and give talks on history's foremost peace advocate—Jesus Christ. Cunningham outgrew the chalk-talks almost overnight as he watched the great sculptor Gotzun Borglum at work in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Thereafter, his interest was divided between sculpturing and painting. The idea of combining the two media came about quite naturally in his mind. And he has spent most of his



One of the windows into Galilee—at the Prince of Peace Museum in Gettysburg—shows the Roman centurion seeking the aid of Christ in behalf of his ailing servant.

busy life carving or sculpturing or painting the three-dimensional scenes from the Life of Christ.

A decade ago Cunningham selected the unlikely location of Gettysburg to house his realistic hand-carved figures. The words of Christ—"Love one another"—stand in sharp contrast to the fury that was let loose here, over a century plus a decade ago, when more than one hundred and sixty-two thousand Americans met here, and some fifty-one thousand of them became casualties.

The Life of Christ begins in a manger in Bethlehem and threads its way through the dramatic points of the New Testament: He kneels to touch the eyes of the blind beggar and gives him the priceless gift of sight...The Son of God blesses the little children as He explains that they are characteristic of all who inherit the kingdom of heaven...The dramatic impact of The Last Supper and the fateful words, "One of you shall betray me"... The descent from the cross...The Resurrection, bringing to mankind new hope, new confidence that the reward of faith is everlasting life.

Two decades of research and study by Paul Cunningham reveal the costumes, the architecture, the crops and tools—everything as it was during Christ's ministry, according to the gospels. In the parable of the fishermen, the shells, rocks, grass, trees, flowers are all handmade. Leaves and flowers are of shim brass. Toenails and fingernails are made from real ones. But, despite the details, the Master dominates every scene. All scenes, incidentally, are narrated on tape by the artist.

No other figure in human history has so profoundly changed the course of mankind as did Jesus, the man from Galilee. No other left so great a legacy and none have been more cruelly rewarded.

Today, at the Prince of Peace Museum in Gettysburg, Pa., the glories and sorrows and problems and triumphs of the greatest life ever lived can be viewed through Paul Cunningham's fascinating and beautiful "windows into Galilee."

THE PASSION

A metaphysical poem by William T. Lundberg

Now, shall I touch the nail to thee,
Open thy wound,
And strike with Spear,
Your Spirit by your blood to free
And by your blood your fear?

Shall I pierce with thorn that sweating head,
And of your grave make my own bed,
To watch myself in thee to rise;
A gawking Thomas by the side?

To stand on thy mount of mystery
And see my costly victory,
All shining in thine Eye?

For now to live,
Thou must now to die.

LEGEND OF THE DOGWOOD TREE

Vivian M. Singerling

Men chose the sturdy dogwood tree
To form the cross for Christ.
Then Mother Nature said to it.
You've paid a wanton price.
You too shall rise again on earth,
But not so tall and sturdy —
Instead, great beauty in rebirth,
With blossoms etched like Saviour's wounds,
To help all men remember still —
Why Jesus gave His life for them —
That certain day on Calvary Hill.

FIVE LITTLE ESSAYS

Cornelia Bagarotti

1/ Steps Upward

ANY GIFT given without personal love, compassion, and warmth for the recipient is without value to oneself as it represents not a sharing and extension of one's humanity but a gesture that is formal and empty. Remember "there but for the grace of God go I."

Those who have not material means may give in service, sympathy, kind words or cheerful smiles which rank as high in value as the tangible gifts that another with financial worth may give. What counts is the true personal warmth transmitted from one heart to another. This warmth is of God.

Great material wealth is a test of one's continued humanity toward those whose lives bear burdens of anxiety and have needs of which one is unaware. Generosity of money, service and kindness is then a proof that one is not separated from one's fellow men by greater good fortune. All too often the story of the widow's mite is repeated again and again. For those who are shielded from suffering fail to give from the heart.

Accept all things with equanimity. Let nothing disturb your inner peace. If you rest in God, you will know that all things work for good, bringing a destined lesson and discipline to each soul. Only an egotistical and self-centered attitude rebels or resents life's disciplines and lessons. Deep within oneself one is far wiser and goes forward in strength and faith. It is within that contact with God is found. Here in this center of union with divinity, all is peace and love.

2/ Healing

CONSOLING or comforting the dying is bringing them that "peace which passeth understanding," of which the Christ spoke and gave promise. This is being centered in his living Presence and his love in which there is no death. The body is an illusion. . . It is the sheath and exterior tool of the Spirit, which is all. If this concept

but touch the ill, it will heal and restore. Such healing can only come to those who have surrendered to God.

Surrendering to God is placing one's entire self at his service. Few are willing to do this. To be reborn in Christ is to become one with Christ. Then His love for all is the standard by which each word, thought, and action are measured and motivated. All egoism and desires for oneself, all sense of separation must disappear. After this rebirth, one knows one's Creator.

All illness drives a sick person away from the outside world and his physical body and egoism in search of God. When all else fails, God alone remains. It is thus a purifying and spiritually unifying state, which if wisely used can lead to surrender to God and rebirth.

That peace and joy which can be achieved under such circumstances is *not* of this world. It is truly God's —and is Man's true estate.

3/ Awareness of God's Presence

GRATITUDE for all life should be present. For every little detail and object and event which are imbued with the wonder and glory of the Spirit, if Love is awakened, there is such beauty and love all about that goes unseen and unrecognized because men's thoughts are not on God but on themselves.

"This is the day the Lord hath made. Rejoice and be glad in it." All that men touch or see is the Spirit—is the sum and substance of God's Presence. Yet they do not know it and continue to doubt.

Truly, the Kingdom of Heaven is within. Within Man himself and all that he sees. How much love is present in the world of which people are unaware. Love that is God has created all things. It is the author of Life shining within and without. Irradiating the world in joy and peace. Look up at the sky, marvel at its glory. Look at the hills and earth mantled in freshness and loveliness. Look at the waters and seas and marvel at their limpid light. Look at your fellow man and marvel at his innate goodness. Look at the animals and wonder at their diversity and charm. Listen to the sounds of the universe. For the fragrances and perfumes

of nature give thanks. For the winds, light airs, soft mists and rains give gratitude. How can your heart not give thanks and rejoice for the gift of life? Love like the rising sun tips the earth with glory. Be reverent before it and salute your maker.

4/ Prayer

PRAYER is communion with God. God who made all life and who is ever present and who stands within your heart. Closer than your heartbeat, closer than your breath. Can you turn to Him, the creator of all existence, and be denied your desire? For such a desire, if it be founded on love and justice, must be fulfilled exactly as the Bible promised. "Ask and ye shall receive." What men lack is faith and gratitude. Have faith in the works of God and His promises and gratitude for what He can do and give of blessing. Therefore when ye ask, thank Him also for that gift which He has *now* bestowed upon you.

5/ Service

EVERY chance encounter is an opportunity to bring spiritual direction into the lives of others. Let your words be inspiring and filled with the consciousness of union in God. Years later these words will reawaken others and direct them Godward. True interest in another is concern for his inner state of mind. Is he anxious, desperate, unhappy? Has he lost faith in himself or his fellow man? Let your conduct and your presence reassure him that he has the hope and strength to meet his trials and that love is always there.

IS THERE A BOOK WHICH YOU THINK OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FELLOWSHIP SHOULD KNOW ABOUT? If so, please don't hesitate to write to the Editor and make your suggestion to him. It doesn't matter if the book is a classic or brand-new. If it seems appropriate and interesting, the Editor will be happy to invite you to write a review of it.

GROWN-UPS

Florence De Groat

The Grown-Ups surely know a lot --
Just look at what they've done;
Made clothes and cars and houses
For nearly everyone.

And when you've hurt yourself and such,
They're with you to a man
And if they can't quite heal it up
They do the best they can.

My teacher thinks around the world;
She can really make you see
That the people in the hist'ry books
Are just like you and me!

But here's a deep, dark secret
Which I wouldn't tell the king:
Although the Grown-Ups know a lot,
They don't know ev'rything!

A ROSE

Lillian Hammer

A rose, her petals full and red,
Opens her dewy eyes
To the heavens above
Murmuring a prayer
For God's Gift of Life.

AN ANSWER FOR THE YOUNG

Norma Kaye Emerick

I AM an independent, young, and inexperienced adult. Having finished my formal education, I have begun to work and enjoy the delightful reality of being young and being equipped to choose one of many vocations in life. However, a feeling of independence combined with such an array of possibilities has produced the anxieties common to young adults—the major one being impatience. One cannot do everything at once, such as work forty hours a week, take ballet lessons, become an expert equestrian, practice music and play the organ in church, and raise collies, all in her spare time.

Another, and perhaps lesser anxiety is that being energetic and inexperienced, one is apt to tackle jobs or projects too large or too sophisticated—even though the attempts are valuable if only for experience.

Failures, of course, lead to discouragement, lack of confidence, self-doubt, and wavering faith in God. Lack of confidence is not lasting, but when adversities come along it is so easy to wonder where God is. I ask: "I've led a good life, I work hard, and help others and myself, so why shouldn't God help me?"

All through my life God *has* answered, almost immediately, my prayers and all questions I posed—not always in the way I would like but in a way which turned out to be best for me.

The anxieties were all imaginary. After all, God is in charge of my life. Not I. So why worry about where I am going, when, or how? This is just another proof of His answering prayer and His abiding love.

I would ask God: "Why? Why am I plagued with worry when I have no problems at all?"

The answer came one Sunday morning when, sitting in church, I was led to read a hymn by G. Neumark:

If thou but suffer God to guide thee. . . the soul that trusts in Him indeed.

If thou but suffer God to guide thee, and hope in Him through all thy ways, He'll give thee strength through all the evil days; who trusts in God's unchanging love builds on the rock that nought can change.

What can these anxious cares avail thee, these never-ceasing moans and sighs? What can it help if thou bewail thee? O'er each dark moment as it flies? Our cross and trials do but press the heavier for our bitterness.

Only be still and wait His leisure, in cheerful hope, with heart content, to take whatever thy father's pleasure and all-discerning love have sent; Nor doubt our inmost wants are known to Him who chose us for His own.

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving; In all thy labor faithful be; and trust His word; though undeserving, Thou shalt find it true for thee; God never will forsake in need the soul that trusts in Him indeed.

I love that hymn. But one phrase—"though undeserving"—threw me back into the same old misery of self-doubt. This was something I had never quite come to grips with. Now, upon reflection, it seems that I was meant to become aware of it at that moment and to start to pray and meditate on other questions: "If I am undeserving, then why bother to pray or even to believe? Is it that God has deigned to accept me because of some great pity on His part? Do we deserve anything from God?"

The answer came in an unexpected way later. I was at the shore for a weekend and decided to read *The Exorcist*, a current best-seller about a child who may have been possessed by a demon although all her symptoms were explicable by scientific answers. The main conflict in the book is between the "demon" in the body of the child, and a priest—that is, between evil and good.

This priest battled as I did with "though undeserving." His answer came from another priest: "Yet, I think the demon's target is not the possessed; it is us. . . the observers. . . every person in this house. And I think—I think the point is to make us

despair; to reject our own humanity; to see ourselves as ultimately bestial; as ultimately vile and putrescent; without dignity, ugly, unworthy. And there lies the heart of it, perhaps: in unworthiness. For I think belief in God is not a matter of reason at all; I think it finally is a matter of love; of accepting the possibility that God could love *us*. . . .”

Here lies my answer. I am content that God loves me, that He knows my every need; and that He will remain with me if I really believe in Him and love others and love Him the way He loves me.

RE - GENESIS

Cherry L. Van Deusen Bechtal

When the sun is fading in the sky
And birds have ceased their circling flight
And the shadows slip over the world
Comes that restful time. . . which is the night.

When the sighing breeze begins its song
And the stars gleam above the earth's pale crest
And the moon shines in the changing scene
Comes most peaceful time. . . made for our rest.

When the weary heart must heave a sigh
All this world sheds one great limpid tear
And the quiet takes its rightful place
Comes the thankful time. . . blessed sleep is near.

SEARCH OF THE POETRY THERAPIST

Maryleona Berg

PERHAPS the poetry therapist looks at the world through different-colored glasses.

You see the mess of the world today.

Everything arrives impersonally.

Some find the bad in the best of things.

If there is one good thing to be said, the poetry therapist will find it—write a poem on it if you don't watch out.

Poetry therapists flourish all over the world. We recently were invited to Taiwan.

The poetry therapist feels kinship with soulmates, who also find themselves looking for ways to make this world the best it can be.

Some look askance at our members in prison. For them I offer my poem:

ESSENCE: TIME

You say you are a prisoner

And I should feel for you;

I hardly stir out of the house

When poems are in the brew.

Yes, we may seem hard to the bleeding hearts. To accept one's life as it is and try to make the best of it is not always easy.

Being in prison does not help.

On the farm, I am used to a fast trot from 6 A.M. to 11 or 12 P.M. I broke my leg badly.

I learned with the prisoners, those having mental or drug problems, or whatever.

You cannot learn to love anything, even life, until you learn to accept yourself and your limitations.

You cannot get as far with your life as you could until you say, "I *could* do this" (no matter how small it may be).

Negativism is the ism that the world needs to put down.

The poetry therapist knows this well.

Artistic therapy is catching on. A polio victim without the use of her legs makes heartwarming cards with her toes.

I do not recall God telling me I *had* to do things in a certain way.

He did not tell me to vegetate in uninvolvedness.

Some people say the Lord handed me a lemon.

Lemonade tastes good—if you think it does.

ON THE DEATH OF MARY MOWBRAY-CLARKE

Joy Bergman

THE MOST remarkable person that I have ever known is dead. She returned to the spirit. To the earth. The sea, and the sky. She was so much a part of the natural world. That her death is simply a transition into another meaning.

How to account for her wisdom. Her warm light. Her simplicity and her perfect balance. She was a white line. Steady. Always a part and yet, not apart.

She was a rare bird. Yet not exotic. A fruit delicate. A cornflower of strong fiber. A wild piece of heather, so much a part of the rock, so much a part of the great crag. A seashell. So much a part of man. So much a human being.

Spring is a natural resurrection, an experience of immortality.

—Thoreau

MEDITATION

Emma S. McLaughlin

*Apple bright and cherry red
Memories of harvest grow;
Branches I believed were dead
Spring alive with ruddy glow.*

THESE thoughts were running through my mind as I tugged and pulled at the broken branch of the elm tree. We had been losing the trees, slowly, over the past few years—to my great sorrow.

Last spring I had watched the gray squirrels build a nest near the top of the largest pine. I stayed by the window for hours, fascinated with their ceaseless activity. Branches were cut, dragged around or through the dense foliage, then tucked into place in a haphazard but seemingly secure way.

They gathered great balls of dry grass and pine needles, chinking between the welter of twigs. Later, at leisure, the nest was lined with the first lavender mimosa blossoms—the culminating luxury. When all was in readiness, they settled down to light housekeeping.

It wasn't long until I noticed them teaching their young the art of swinging on branches and gracefully leaping from bough to bough. I cared for their daily needs, feeding them generously, but at night the pine tree became their guardian, watching over their slumber.

As summer gave way to the cooler days of autumn, we noticed that the large bough above the nest was dying, and thinking to save the tree, we cut it out—but to no avail. The top became dry and brown, a sharp contrast to the lush growth that remained below. I secretly mourned the loss of such a noble life.

What a rich, useful role the tree had filled. It had played tag with the sun, showered in the morning dew, consorted with stars, catching them nightly in the dark net of its branches. Birds had nested on its wide verandas, or huddled close against its strong trunk when winter sent the snows. And of course it had

welcomed the squirrels, providing them with an endless store of delicious cones. I remembered how it had gladdened my heart and rested my eyes with its cool greenness. Alas! For the pine tree, life was almost over.

Now the elm, branch by branch, was also coming down, victim of a storm that had turned the world to crystal. It too had led a full life, shading the patio from the force of the summer sun and providing a great height, a jungle-gym of sorts, where Mittsie the cat could climb at will and watch the world slowly revolve beneath her.

You can imagine my thoughts were not pleasant as I dragged the branch across the yard and placed it with the accumulation of pine. Buffeted by storms, broken in body, leveled to the ground—the end of life. What a tragedy!

I turned to walk back to the house and then, the words inside:

*Apple bright and cherry red
Memories of harvest grow;
Branches I believed were dead
Spring alive with ruddy glow.*

The trees still had something to give, to share--something of the heart. I turned back, excited by the thought, and began to break the branches into shorter lengths. I knew then what I was going to do; I would share my trees with a friend. I filled a box and a bag, my spirits rising. Though it was February, the air seemed warm with the promise of spring.

My mind kept pace with the pressure of foot and hand as the wood snapped beneath my instep. I was remembering the fall and winter afternoons when, crossing her yard, I had been welcomed by the fragrance of wood smoke curling from the chimney. I was thinking of the glow of fire upon her hearth, of confidences we had shared, as well as problems. The fire had always seemed like another person in the room, joining cheerily in our conversation, speaking out sharply at times, or just permeating everything with the warm glow of its presence. My trees would become a part of that glowing, that fragrance, that comfort. Even beaten to earth

and broken, there was something still to be given. They had it in their power to cheer and to comfort.

I had almost finished the task of wood-splitting when I became aware that my thoughts had turned upon another path and were groping toward a light just beyond reach. The trees seemed to pull me, as though trying to show me the way, to broaden my vision. I heard them whispering, "Even you. Even you."

Were they trying to tell me something? *Really?* Did they want me to know that we shared like problems, faced similar storms, died little deaths? Perhaps they tried to say I was akin to them—we are akin to them.

And then again the words:

*Apple bright and cherry red
Memories of harvest grow;
Branches I believed were dead
Spring alive with ruddy glow.*

*Storms and passions all are spent,
Yet we have these gifts to share:
Golden moments of content,
Fragrances to scent the air.*

NO HEALING THERE *Nel Modglin*

Why, grieving one,
why waste another day within
the lonely confines of despair?
You find no warmth nor healing there.
Faith is a torch, supplied with oil
That gushes up
from deep supply.
No earthly haven gives escape.
Ill winds are raging everywhere
and prolonged grief is just a snare.
It locks you in a dismal place
that has no sun.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

THE HAPPINESS Thoreau enjoyed was real. It derived from his observations of the beauty and perfection of the world outside his doors.

In 1837, he left Harvard College to teach in a one-room schoolhouse in Concord, Massachusetts. Although he was blunt and sharp of speech, he had refused to whip the students. The school board waited about two weeks and then ordered him to apply the switch or lose his position. He selected six pupils, administered the required switchings, then went home and wrote a letter of resignation.

The young man embarked on an entirely new way of life. He picked berries, harvested hay, raised beans, made pencils, gave lectures, and wrote.

His first book—*A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*—sold only 219 copies. The copies then cost a dollar and twenty-five cents apiece. Today one copy would bring about six hundred dollars.

An express wagon brought 706 copies of the book to Thoreau's door. He wrote: "I have a library of nearly nine hundred books, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself."

Only 2,000 copies of his famed *Walden* were sold during his lifetime. He was ignored by many, considered lazy and "trifling" by some. Few took him seriously.

He has been described as being stooped of shoulders, small and belligerent, with a large nose.

He "borrowed" land from Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the shores of Walden Pond, and built a cabin with his own hands. He lived there for two years on plain and simple food. His ambition was to live simply, to be master of his own time.

The materials of his cabin cost him less than thirty dollars. He said he wanted to live so sturdily and Spartan-like "as to rout all that was not life." He wanted to live deliberately — to learn what life would teach.

He walked eighteen miles to Boston--and walked home again--to hear a lecture given by Emerson.

Emerson offered him a room in his home in return for doing odd jobs. The Emersonian circle, composed of writers and philosophers, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Bronson Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and others, considered Thoreau eccentric, original. They admired him for living up to his convictions.

Thoreau's health was delicate. He had weak lungs, and his death at the age of forty-four was brought about by a severe cold caught in walks in all kinds of weather and long street-corner discussions.

He believed man's purpose was not to collect material treasures, to save and scrimp for worldly possessions, but to live to find beauty in the present moment, the here and the now. He believed in "savoring today and never sacrificing today for tomorrow."

"Possessions," he remarked, "are like leg-irons. Our lives are frittered away by detail. Simplicity, I say. Keep your accounts on your thumb nail."

To writers he said: "Go up to the attic and write now." To all the world he would say, "The only wealth is life."

NOTWITHSTANDING *Erica May Brooks*

We must
Stand still and trust
Although the very ground
on which we stand is quaking, we
are safe

God lives
and understands
He cradles in His hands
those who trust Him, against all harm
day by day

NOTICES AND COMMENT

NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS. Among new books received are: *WAVES OF FIRE* by Lillian Hammer, whose fine work in short forms has been familiar to poetry-lovers for some years now (write to Lillian Hammer at 2820 Bronx Pk. E., Bronx, N.Y. 10467). And *THE SEEKING SPIRIT* by Winifred Hamrick Farrar, Mississippi poet and teacher whose writing is also well known to readers of FIP (write to South and West, Inc, 1520 S. 26th Street, Fort Smith, Ark. 72901—four dollars per copy).

ADDITIONS TO LIBRARY. Librarian Gordon Belding reports the acquisition of two interesting new books, *Listen Metaphysics*, *The Semantics of Reality*, by Frank S. Merritt, and *Official Philosophy and Philosophy*, by Jules De Gaultier, both published by Philosophical Library, 15 East 40 Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

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EASTER 1968

Doris E. Symmonds

I thank you, Lord, you've set me free
From fear of death, by trusting Thee.
You'll walk beside me all the way
And be my Light *then*, as today.

No more shall shadows menace me
Although death is a mystery.
I'll keep my eyes upon my Guide
For He is ever by my side.

I'll trust Him to the very end—
My Guide and Master, Lord, and Friend.
Now I am *free* to live *this* day
With joy and love, in work and play.